**References To Knotting**

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# References To Knotting

by TigerPrawn

Summary

for #SummertimeSlick prompt: References To Knotting

A year after their fall from the bluff, Will and Hannibal’s relationship becomes physical - with some unexpected results.

Notes

Thanks to everyone for the well wishes with my appointment on my last fic! It went really well - I now have my formal *diagnosis* as gender dysphoric and the go ahead on hormone therapy (pending blood tests). SO. EXCITED. Thanks for the support everyone, it is truly appreciated.

ref to knotting copy

Will remembered the sort of schoolyard jests when he was a kid. “Oh, you would have been an omega!” from some of the asshole jocks. And of course all those little quizzes in the teen mags - *How Would You Present?*

It had seemed ridiculous kid’s stuff - there hadn’t been any known dynamics for centuries. Will could imagine that another hundred years or so and people would begin to think alphas and omegas were a myth. When the beta population reached saturation point extinction had been inevitable. That was it, no more alpha and omega matings, no more alpha and omega children. No one even used the word beta any more. It was superfluous now. They were all just human.

Or so Will had thought.

His mind had thrown up this thought as it reeled through what was happening. What had happened already - Meeting Hannibal; The clear connection they both felt; The way they mirrored each other; They way they had fallen together into the dark ocean. Survived. Lived. Thrived.

Drawn to each other in every primal way.

They had started a new life and lived it together in almost everyway. Until now. Almost a year to the day of their escape and they were consummating the seemingly inevitable romantic relationship that had blossomed between them.

“Oh Will…” Hannibal’s moan was long and drawn out and Will felt himself twitch inside the man, his cock nestled in a tightness he’d never experienced before. And yet there was a glide to it he hadn’t expected. They had used lube of course, but as Will started to set a rhythm he found no resistance, in fact in only a short time he could feel a sticky dampness running to the base of his cock and beyond. Maybe he really had used that much lube?

He couldn’t even think beyond that, the need to fuck Hannibal over taking him. Not just want and desire but a *need* to claim this man. His mate.

Hannibal groaned on each thrust and brought his legs up around Will, caging him tightly to him. Their mouths met in a mash of teeth and tongues, almost sloppy as they tried to devour as much of each other in every possible way that moment would allow.

“Oh fuck, you feel… so good…” Will managed to gasp out the words. He truly hadn’t expected their first time to be this good given his inexperience. But the blissed out look on Hannibal’s face told him all he needed to know.

They found a rhythm together and Will was amazed that he hadn’t cum yet. He felt like he was skirting the edge of it, as though it was there in wait and regardless of the pleasure coursing through him, something was holding it back.

And then he felt a twinge, almost painful - but the good sort of painful like stubble burn or biting. But this was very different - a painful swell. It jarred him and he stopped thrusting, pulling back enough to look down at the location of the tight discomfort.

“What the fuck.” He panted out the words.

“Will?”

“My… I… it’s swelling. Wha-”

His words were stolen as Hannibal tightened his legs and rocked himself on Will’s cock, trying to take him deep again.

“Hannibal wait…” Will wanted to hold back, something was very wrong. But when he looked down again, clear slick liquid was spilling from Hannibal. It was almost on autopilot that his cock slipped easily back inside.

“Fuck me Will… please… I need…” Hannibal’s eyes were completely blown in a way Will had never seen outside of junkies when he was a beat cop.

“Fuck…” Will groaned and couldn’t hold back as much as he thought he should. Instinct was driving him forward as he pressed Hannibal down into the bed, snapping his hips at a furious pace. His mind was reeling with the idea of taking Hannibal on all fours - why hadn’t they done that? He wondered. This had seemed right, and now it didn’t… it felt inferior. It wasn’t the done way to breed.

On a pant Hannibal managed to huff out “alpha…”

Will cried out as he felt a real pain then, the swelling increasing as it pressed against Hannibal’s slicked-wet rim on every thrust.

“Please…” a groan from Hannibal and Will’s body understood a moment before he did. Thrusting sharply and then rocking forward again and again until that swollen base was squeezing into Hannibal.

They both cried out as Hannibal tightened around him and he felt his balls draw up and release as though he’d never cum before in his life. He continued to pound through the orgasm as cum pumped out of him.

Hannibal was muttering words, some in English some not - those Will could make out were pleas to be filled and bred. And fuck, if that didn’t seem to make Will keep cumming.

He didn’t even notice until he finally stopped, that Hannibal had cum untouched - all over his chest so that it tangled in the hair there.

“What the fuck just-” Will cut himself off as he tried to move and found he couldn’t. Hannibal’s legs had fallen away, but he was still held in place. “Is… is this what I think it is?”

“What do you think it is, Will?” Hannibal’s voice was thick and heavy, like honey. Like the scent in the air. The scent coming from Hannibal.

That took the words from him. This really couldn't be happening. He collapsed onto Hannibal, unable to either continue holding himself up or move off. And the scent was stronger there. Had he never noticed that before? A cloying scent that should be sickly but tempered with enough musk that it wasn't.

He buried his face at Hannibal's neck, where the scent was strongest, and thought for a moment about biting there.

"Fuck!" He shuddered as he unexpectedly came again. He hadn't taken much human biology in school, but he was sure that sort of thing didn't happen. The only time he'd ever heard of such a thing was-

Hannibal was stroking his hair and holding him close, content. So content in fact that the man beneath him began to purr. Actually fucking purr like some sort of animal. Will could feel the rumble in Hannibal's chest as well as the rumble in his own - a responding low growl he hadn't realised for a moment that he had been making.

"So… this is it then." Will shook his head before scenting Hannibal again. He chuckled against the skin. Of course. Of course this would happen. "How long do you think-"

"Maybe ten or twenty minutes?" Hannibal replied, intelligent enough to have also realised what was happening - likely sooner than Will had. "Longer? But… I'm quite comfortable if you are? In fact, I don't think I've ever been as comfortable as this before in my life. I think I will feel quite bereft when the knot deflates."

Hannibal saying it out loud wasn't nearly as jarring as Will thought it would be. In fact, none of this was. It felt right, it felt… good.

Hannibal tightened around him, purposely tensing his muscles and making Will cry out. Will came again and his hips stuttered a few instinctive thrusts as he groaned out -

"Fuuuuckk… Hannibal."

A chuckle from Hannibal then before he moved his face into the crook of Will's neck and breathed in a scent there. "Apologies… I was curious."

"Well… maybe warn me next time. It's not just the… knot... my dick is still so hard right now it might snap off if you do that again." Will didn't want to question why he was finding this strangely delightful. He just snuggled into Hannibal a little more.

"So… latent biology? Spontaneous gender assignment? Any theories doctor?" Will mumbled the words against Hannibal's skin, so completely lost in the scent and sensations that he wasn't sure he wanted this to end either.

"Perhaps. One theory from many decades ago was that adults could present secondary genders if they were true mates. A hormonal and pheromonal condition, rather than the sort of wishy washy thinking the theory might suggest." Hannibal managed to still sound all business despite the lust in his voice.

Will was just thinking what a turn on Hannibal was with that commanding intellectualism when his body shuddered and he came again.

“God dammit!” He cursed and then laughed. Hannibal joined in and the resulting tensing of their bodies had them both moaning and writhing against each other until they both came again.

It took a full minute after to regain the composure and Hannibal commented - “I think we should try not to keep doing that, I imagine it will cause us to be tied together even longer.”

The thought then of the actual *knotting* came to mind. The idea of it, of Hannibal being his mate, his alone. Tied to him in everywhere and now this way. And fuck if that didn’t make him cum again.

“Instincts.” Hannibal muttered a while later. He seemed sleepy, which wasn’t surprising considering it had been fairly late when they went to bed and they had now been tied together for over 45 minutes. “We aren’t used to these baser urges, but we will acclimatise. As a teenager might adjust to lustful thoughts and practices as they age.”

Will nodded, trying so hard not to find the way Hannibal was talking a turn on. He kinda did already, not that he would ever say that, but with the deliciously slick tightness still wrapped around his dick, it was almost impossible not to be turned on by everything. He *felt* like a damn teenager again. That was how they had ended up in bed in the first place - he’d been unable to deny his attraction any more. But he didn’t want Hannibal to know how much every damn thing he did turned him on, the pompous ass.

“There are several medical volumes I can track down. Possibly some interesting archived articles, it was a popular subject during the ‘free love’ era.” Hannibal continued and Will squirmed slightly. Maybe he could get a handle on this? “In the morning I shall look up references to knotting.”

That was it. That was all it took. The word, the image, the feeling. Will actually felt his knot throb and he cried out as he came again. He looked at Hannibal with a plea in his eyes and Hannibal looked like he was about to say something, but stopped himself and swept Will’s sweat damp curls from his forehead.

They snuggled into each other again in silence, hoping that the knot would finally release them soon. They fell to sleep that way just after Hannibal murmured delightedly - “I could never have predicted I would have this effect on you.”

Smug bastard. There was going to be no living with him now.

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